

Reminiscences about
Abraham Lincoln

Newspaper clippings, accounts, and
memories of those whose lives
included an encounter with the 16th
President of the United States

Surnames beginning with

A

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TELLS STORIES OF LINCOLN



James Abbott, who heard the emancipator speak and who has seen all our presidents, from Lincoln to Coolidge, and is going to Springfield Wednesday to see President Hoover when the President rededicates the Lincoln tomb, telling boys of his experiences.

[TRIBUNE Photo.]

He Saw Lincoln

James Abbott, old time newspaper man, will add another President to the long list of the nation's chief executives whom he has seen. The first was Lincoln.

Mr. Abbott will be a member of the Hamilton club party which is to attend the rededication of the Lincoln tomb at Springfield by President Hoover on Wednesday. His big inspiration is to look at Mr. Hoover.

It was at Hudson, O., in February, 1861, that Mr. Abbott saw Lincoln. In subsequent years he saw Presidents Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge. Moreover, both as a stenographic reporter and newspaper man he "covered" many of those national leaders.

ing Express—Portland, Maine—Thursday,

Peaks Island Man Observes 92nd Birthday On Friday

**Ambrose Ackley
Once Shook Hands
With Pres. Lincoln**

Ambrose V. Ackley, former teacher and oldest Bowdoin College graduate, will observe his 92nd birthday quietly Friday at his home on Sterling Street, Peaks Island.

Mr. Ackley was born in Rumford, Feb. 2, 1848, son of John and Polly Ackley. After the death of his father, his mother moved to South Paris where he passed his childhood. For two years of his early youth he resided and worked in Pennsylvania, when in 1865 he attended a reception for an Army delegation at the White House in Washington, D. C., and met and shook hands with President Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Ackley is a member of the Lincoln Fellowship of the United States.

Upon his return to Maine he completed his education in the schools of Norway and Bridgton, graduating from Bowdoin College in the class of '72. Mr. Ackley is the oldest living alumnus of the college. During his school days he was interested in baseball and wrestling and won silver trophies at college for running.

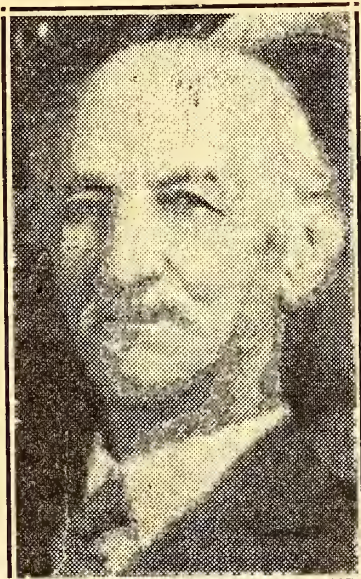
Following his graduation he taught in the schools of Otisfield, Bristol, Cape Elizabeth and the Peaks Island Grammar School. He retired from teaching in 1889, but continued his position as janitor until his 85th year, in 1933.

Mr. Ackley completed his 55th year as warden on Peaks Island last December.

In 1873, he married Miss Mary Skillings, daughter of Simeon and Nancy Skillings of Peaks Island, and they have two daughters, Miss Ethel Ackley, who resides with her parents and Mrs. Walter B. Sterling of Island Avenue and New Jersey and a son, E. Preble Ackley of South Portland. Another son, Adrian Ackley, died in 1924. There are eight grandchildren and eight great grandchildren.

Mr. Ackley's paternal grandfather, Samuel Ackley, was a veteran of the Revolutionary War and his maternal grandfather, Joseph Penley, of the War of 1812.

Mr. Ackley still takes a keen interest in all local and national affairs. His principal hobby has always been baseball and he is looking forward to the opening of the baseball season on April 16th.



Ambrose V. Ackley

led by Government

Pioneer Relates Vivid Memories of Lincoln

Lynwood Man, His Grandfather Partner of "Abe" in Rail-Splitting Business, Saw Emancipator Often, as Boy

BY WILLIAM W. GREENE

In the town of Lynwood at 4201 Morton Road lives a genial, kindly old gentleman who recalls Lincoln as he saw him back in Illinois far off in the early sixties. Joseph Zebulon Adams, pioneer of the covered-wagon days, was only a boy then, but he remembers vividly gazing upon the face of the Great Emancipator as he appeared in the prime of his rugged manhood. For Abraham Lincoln was a partner in the rail-splitting business with the maternal grandfather of this boy Adams, and was a familiar figure in his grandfather's home a few miles from Salem, Sangamon county, Ill. It was back in Illinois that Adams, in his boyhood, saw Lincoln as he was about to start for Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States.

But let Mr. Adams tell his own story as he told it to me down at his nicely appointed ranch home, and in the simple language of a man whose life has been largely devoted to pioneer development.

"By way of introduction, I might say that I am a collateral descendant of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, second and sixth Presidents of the United States.

"My ancestors on my father's side were what were called 'blue-bellied Yankees,' but my mother was from Kentucky stock. Her people, the Bowles tribe, lived neighbors to Abraham Lincoln's folks in Kentucky; and my wife's people, the Hawses and the Housers, all lived in Lincoln's country in Kentucky. Dissatisfied with slavery, they gave all their slaves their freedom, moved to Illinois, and settled at old Salem, Sangamon county, where once was Lincoln's home.

GREAT AXMEN

"It was during those days at Salem that Abraham Lincoln was a partner of my mother's father, Anderson Bowles, in the making of rails, which they split out of rough timber for 25 cents per 100. Grandpa Bowles and Lincoln were great axmen; used to go into the timber for the trees they wanted for these logs, and they would each cut eight cords of wood a day. Neither one of them ever walked around a tree to cut it down—cut just as well left handed as right—didn't make a bit of difference.

"Another thing that connects me up with the life of Abraham Lincoln and the history of that country is the fact that my wife's father was also a business associate of Lincoln's. My mother was the oldest

of a large family and my wife the youngest of a large family; so that, strange as it may seem, their mothers were girls together in Kentucky, at old Cane Ridge, and there was only one day's difference in their ages! My grandmother and my mother-in-law! One of the greatest pleasures of my life was to sit and watch those two old women, after they got to be almost 100 years of age, sitting and smoking their pipes and telling interesting stories of Abraham Lincoln and the early days of Illinois. I have both those old pipes, priceless mementoes!

"Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Adams's father, Aaron Houser, was associated with Lincoln in those primitive business enterprises. They used to make trips together on rafts down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, where they would sell out their rafts, hoop poles, sassafras, hides, cured meats and whatever they had to sell, and then they walked back up to Illinois.

LINCOLN STAYS THE NIGHT

"After Lincoln was elected President of the United States and just before he made his trip to Washington to be inaugurated in 1861, he came to visit my Grandfather Bowles and stayed all night. I was only a boy, but the children and grandchildren all came to see him and tell him good-by.

"Our people always thought so much of him and always called him Abe. And how distinctly I recall the time when Lincoln was killed!

"I remember seeing Lincoln's funeral train as it passed over the Chicago and Alton Railroad on its way to Springfield, where he was buried. And when I grew to young manhood the first trip I ever took on a railroad train in my life was to Springfield, Ill., to visit Lincoln's tomb.

"My second cousin, Mrs. Martha B. Hollenbeck, who lives up here at Fall River Mills, Shasta county, when she was a young lady knew Abraham Lincoln back in Springfield, Ill., when they both lived there. She is nearly 99 years old now. She attended Lincoln's funeral service there in Springfield. She came to California on that first Union Pacific train, and witnessed the driving of the historic golden spike which completed the steel band across the continent.

"The untimely death of Lincoln's sweetheart, Ann Rutledge, is one of the saddest chapters in all history. My Grandmother Bowles and my wife's mother, Mrs. Aaron Houser, lived at Salem, Ill., at the time of Ann's death and attended her funeral. After the trip home from the cemetery, both of them were among a group of sympathetic friends gathered in the big sitting room where Lincoln lived. A dismal rain had started to fall. Grandma told us how Lincoln, who always called his dear one "Annie," was leaning on the mantel over the fireplace with his head on his arm, and how he whispered slowly, as if to himself, 'It's raining on my Annie's grave.'

"One thing the world has never fully realized—what caused the sad look that was on Abraham Lincoln's face so much of the time. But you get a better idea about it when you take into consideration that he was a southern man and had come north with the rest of the people who were protesting against slavery and hating it; that he was elected by the northern people, and yet the North was suspicious of him—while the South called him a traitor!

When the Stage Coach Left Without Lincoln



MANY stories have been told of Abraham Lincoln's droll humor, his kindly personality and his homely virtues, some of them true, others partly true, and still others, perhaps, the figment of some writer's imagination. But A. L. Berger, an attorney of Kansas City, Kas., tells of an incident which happened when Lincoln was a young lawyer, and there is no doubt of its authenticity, for Mr. Berger's grandfather was a witness to it.

"My grandfather on my mother's side was Capt. Lyman Adams, who owned a hotel in Lebanon, Ill., called the Mermaid," said Mr. Berger recently. "The captain had gone down to the sea in ships for many years, and he was a firm believer in the existence of mermaids; so when he retired from the nautical life and opened the hotel in Lebanon, he called his tavern the Mermaid. Over the door was a large picture of one of the mythical maidens whom he had asserted he had seen with his own eyes."

Early one morning Lincoln and several other young lawyers stopped at the Mermaid for breakfast. Among them were two future governors of Illinois—Trumbull and French—and Senator Benton of Missouri. They were on their way from Vincennes to St. Louis.

Refused to Be Hurried.

When all the rest had finished and the coaches were ready to go, Lincoln still was eating. He was making no great effort to hurry, either. The drivers became very much excited over the delay and pleaded with the landlord to urge the tardy Lincoln to hasten.

"But I haven't finished my breakfast yet," Lincoln replied. "I've paid for this breakfast and I intend to eat it."

"Then they will go off and leave you," the captain retorted.

"If they do," said Lincoln calmly, "they will come back; and they'll come back faster than they left, too."

"They won't come back, not once they get started," the captain assured him.

But Lincoln declined to go without finishing. Soon there came the sounds of the crack of whips, the shouting of the drivers and the rumble of heavy wheels on the road. The solitary diner paid no heed to them. He continued serenely the important task of eating his breakfast. A few minutes later, the landlord heard his name called by the belated passenger.

"Captain Adams!"

The captain hurried into the dining room.

"There are no spoons here for the coffee, Captain," said Mr. Lincoln, somewhat severely.

"That's funny," the puzzled captain said. "Spoons were put on the table, I'm sure."

"In fact, there seems to be no silver here of any kind," Lincoln continued.

Off After the Stage Coach.

"You know, Captain," said Lincoln seriously, "there were three or four desperate looking characters at this table. They have been looting the hotels all along the way; so it is not difficult to say where your valuable silver has gone. And it isn't hard to guess why those worthy gentlemen were in such a hurry for the stage coach to leave."

The now excited and indignant captain had two duties to perform. As constable of the district, he must arrest the miscreants who had stolen his silver, and as owner of the Mermaid he must recover his property. Buckling a couple of pistols about his waist, he leaped upon his horse and galloped madly down the road to intercept the thieves. About a mile and a half from the tavern, at a place known as the old distillery, Captain Adams overtook the stage coaches. Drawing his pistols, he ordered the drivers to stop.

"There are thieves among you," he shouted, "thieves who have carried off the silver belonging to the Mermaid tavern. And in the name of the law I order you to go back and submit to search."

All as Had Been Predicted.

Despite the loud protests of the drivers and the passengers, the captain stood fast. He must uphold law and order. The drivers turned back, and, spurred on by the captain, they dashed headlong up to the hotel.

Lincoln was sitting on the porch calmly smoking a cigar when the indignant passengers tumbled out and demanded that the thief or thieves be apprehended so that the honest men could continue their journey.

"It's all right, captain," Lincoln said reassuringly, when the hubbub had subsided somewhat. "You will find all your silverware in the coffee pots. I told you, captain," he added, smiling, "that the stage coaches would come back for me. And they came back a sight faster than they went, too."

Mr. Berger doesn't say what the passengers or the captain did to Lincoln.

MEETING LINCOLN

[From Yesterday's Star.]

After the fall of Port Hudson the Nineteenth Army Corps, known as the Army of the Gulf, 32,000 men, under General Emory, was ordered to reinforce General Grant. We were sent up the James River and soon had a fight at Deep Bottom. After only three days we were much disturbed to receive an order to re-embark, and, of course, we knew nothing at the time of our new destination. We went down the James and up the Potomac and then suddenly found we were being rushed to Washington. Early's movements had frightened the capital, and Grant found he could spare the Nineteenth Corps for the emergency.

Landing at the Navy Yard we were given 100 rounds of ammunition and three days' rations and hastened to the city. Our men had seen hard service and had the look of real soldiers, weatherbeaten and seasoned. I was commanding my regiment, the Duryea Zouaves, whose faded uniforms were very different from the gay colors they had worn when they first went South. An orderly rode up and said we were to pass before the President of the United States. I slowed the pace and formed divisions front and sent word along that the President was to review us. It was marvelous to see the thrill of interest and enthusiasm that ran through those ranks. After we passed in review the same orderly rode up again and said the President wanted to see me. As I wheeled I saw the President standing on a box or low platform—a tall, homely but marvelously kindly face and figure. Jumping from my horse I saluted, and President Lincoln extended his hand saying: "Young man, I want to congratulate you on the appearance of your Zouaves." I tried to express my appreciation and he added: "I think, young man, you may soon have a brush with them." Surely enough beyond Cabin John Bridge that night we had a skirmish and we spent the night on the skirmish line.

It had been my privilege to meet Lincoln before, but this incident is most firmly outlined in my mind because of the effect it had upon every man in my regiment. It was indescribable. Each seemed to feel that he had himself been honored. This special recognition had paid more than anything else could have done for all they had suffered and for all the dangers they expected to encounter. This was Lincoln's influence in the Civil War. The humblest soldier considered him a personal friend, always approachable, and the mightiest intellects bowed willingly before his genius because it was as modest as it was great.

Meeting Lincoln turned many a great question in that mighty conflict. Seeing him was an inspiration that swept over crowds and armies like a benediction. Two men I met who had this almost divine gift. The one was Lincoln and the other was Phil Sheridan. As different as the poles were their characters, but the power of mastery was in them both. It seems to me that the thing we should see most in Lincoln was his tremendous power over men. Even Napoleon's was not greater. There is much idle sentimentality over his simple and humble life when as a matter of fact he was always a giant, and to meet him was to feel the force and the glow that come from greatness personified.

FELIX AGNUS.
Lincoln's Birthday, February 12.

CONGER

WHEN I MET LINCOLN

AFTER more than fifty years the name that inspires Americans most is that of Abraham Lincoln. You have only to attend a Republican meeting this year to find that out, and you may also discover that the Democrats are also using the name of Lincoln to score their best points and reach the inner thoughts and aspirations of their audiences. This universal appeal of Lincoln is one of the great, splendid things of the age and it will last through all ages because he was an inspiration and an expression of humanity.

Those who saw Lincoln cherish it as the finest experience of their lives. I can readily understand the feeling, because it was my good fortune to see him several times, but the first time made the deepest impression, perhaps because I was only twenty-two, just the age for deep impressions.

After the fall of Port Hudson and the restoration of Louisiana the Nineteenth Army Corps, to which I belonged, was ordered to Deep Bottom, near Richmond, Va. We had not been there forty-eight hours when Early made his detour to flank the Union Army and make a dash for Washington, which was unprotected. We embarked on everything in the shape of a boat we could get, and went down the James and up the Potomac and landed at the Navy Yard. The news was exciting. Early was at Harper's Ferry and Mosby was reported within fifteen or twenty miles of Washington.

We landed just in time, Dwight's division, some twenty-two thousand strong. After coffee and hardtack we were on the march from the Navy Yard through Washington proper. We were soon on Pennsylvania avenue in the heart of the capital, and we were young and full of our importance as soldiers called to defend that capital and our President.

As we neared the Treasury Department word was sent to the commanding officer that President Lincoln would review us as we passed the White House. A thrill ran through the whole line and everybody stiffened up and looked his best.

Surely enough as we neared the White House we saw the great earnest man with his famous high hat, very like a section of stove pipe. We closed ranks; bands played martial music, and a yell filled the streets, for my own particular command wore the French Zouave uniforms, red, white and blue, and the sight of this moving mass of the national colors brought a wonderful reaction at that tense moment when the people expected an attack on the city.

At the time I was in command of the regiment. The boys had just ended a gruelling campaign and they looked the genuine soldiers they were. They were in quick step and the national anthem was speeded to their pace. All this increased the enthusiasm. As I passed the President and commanded my men to the port arm as a salute, an orderly approached and ordered me to report to the President. You can imagine the thrill that came to a young soldier proud of his troops summoned before the Commander-in-Chief. My impression of his face was that of great sympathy, great kindness, great patience. All he wanted to do was to shake hands and compliment me on the soldierly appearance of the Zouaves who had been much decimated by their hard fighting. I do not recall his words—I never could—but I shall never forget the look in those eyes, the warm sincerity of that voice and the inspiring effect of his whole personality. I thanked him as best I could. That night about 10 o'clock we were skirmishing with Early's men.

As I look back to that meeting I am impressed by two thoughts:

One is Lincoln's wonderful genius in inspiring others. In the past fifty-odd years I have talked with many of the old boys who were with me that day, and everyone of them emphasized the fact that when he saw Lincoln he was glad he was giving his life to the country and that the memory of having seen him in the flesh was the happiest fate he had known—and he had passed it down to his children and his grandchildren. Here we see one great influence that keeps Lincoln alive in the hearts of Americans. The living voice is better

(over)

than books and Lincoln will be handed down from one generation to another as long as history runs.

The other thought is the recession of the Civil War as shown in the latest report on my old regiment compiled this year. It is the 165th Regiment, New York Volunteers, Second Duryee Zouaves.

September 15, 1862, we had 24 officers and 537 enlisted men. From 1863 to 1865 there were added by enlistments of recruits 414 men, making a total of 975 men.

There were mustered out on September 15, 1865, at Harts Island, New York, 375 men.

On May 27, 1920, there were 57 survivors, and the report says I am the only staff officer left.

It's an interesting perspective we get through the years that stretch back to the Civil War and it is full of fine friendships and beautiful reconciliations. To me it holds no better picture than the time when I saw Lincoln.

FELIX AGNUS.

NS, THE WORK

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Gen. Aiken Of Norwich Dies At 96

Quartermaster General of
Connecticut During Civil
War and Saw Lincoln
Nominated 11-8-29

Hartford Daily Courant
Norwich, Nov. 7. — (Special.) —
General William Appleton Aiken, quartermaster general of Connecticut during the Civil War, who who brought the news from Governor William A. Buckingham, of Connecticut to President Lincoln that he would have the full support, in troops and money, of Connecticut in putting down the rebellion, who carried seven other communications to the President and who later saw Lincoln lying dead from the bullets of an assassin, died at his home here today. He was 96 years old and one of the oldest Civil War veterans in the country.

Wed Governor's Daughter.

General Aiken had been ill six months. His wife, whom he married August 28, 1861, was Eliza Colt Buckingham, daughter of Governor Buckingham. She died in 1924.

Eliza Buckingham and General Aiken met in their youth while she was on a visit to Milwaukee, Wis., a few years before the war. He was born in Manchester, Vt., in 1833, had been educated at Dummer Academy and Phillips Andover and had gone to Chicago to enter business. Following his meeting with Miss Buckingham however, he returned east and while he was preparing to ask the Governor's permission to marry Miss Buckingham the Civil War began.

Governor Buckingham sent Aiken to Lincoln to assure the President that Connecticut was with him and that the call for volunteers would be answered by this state.

Saw Lincoln Named.

General Aiken's memory went back almost to the first President. John Quincy Adams was a friend of the general's father and visited at the Aiken home in Lowell.

"My first memory of Lincoln," he said in an interview last year, "came at the time of his nomination. I was in the Wigwam and heard all the speeches. The convention was short, for Lincoln was dominated on the third ballot. The place was in an uproar: Chicago went wild. I remember one man standing on a chair and waving an empty one in his hand. I joined in, of course, though when I had entered the Wigwam, I hadn't quite made up my mind whether I was for the Seward of Lincoln. Afterwards no one was stronger for Lincoln than I."

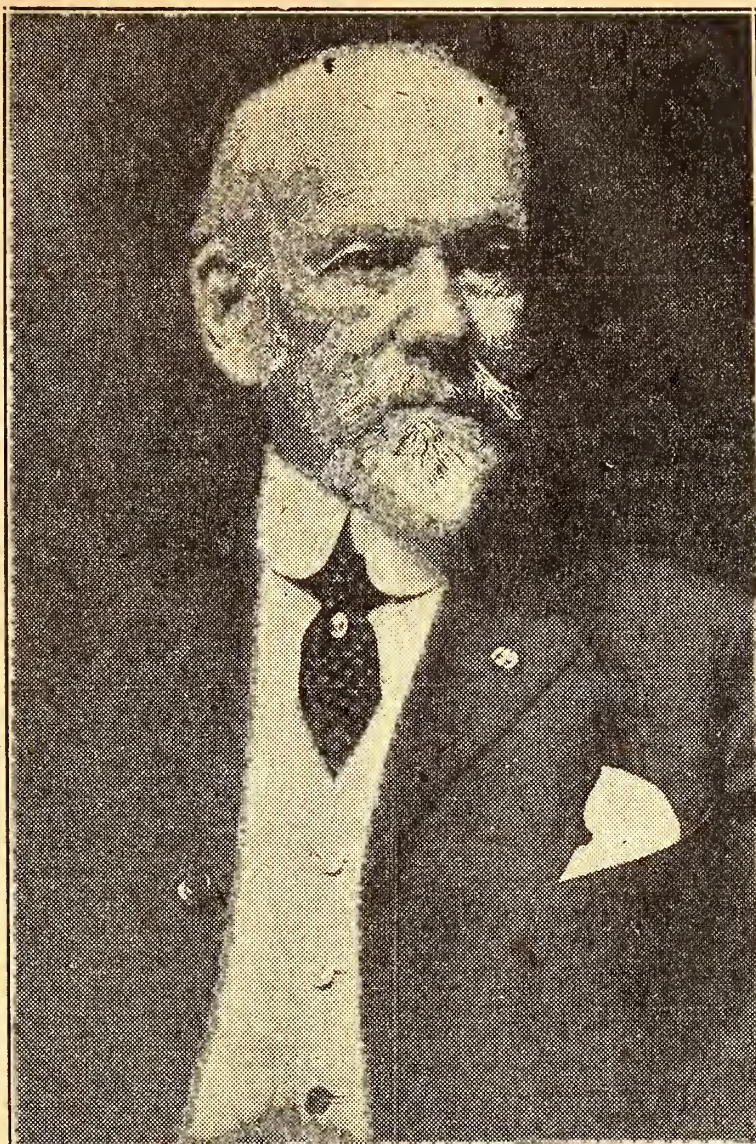
Lincoln was a friend of Buckingham's, having come to Norwich as the Governor's guest during the latter's most difficult campaign.

Carried War Message.

Aiken first met Lincoln after the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment was fired upon in Baltimore, April 19, 1861. He was following the regiment as a special messenger of Governor Buckingham and was accused in Maryland of being a "damned northern spy."

He reached the Capital the night of the Baltimore incident and was able to give General Scott and Secretary of War Scott information about what had happened, news they had not been able to obtain other-

Connecticut's Messenger to Lincoln Dead



GEN. WILLIAM A. AIKEN.

wise because of the fact that communication had been hampered. The next morning he went to Lincoln, who was then anxious about the safety of Washington due to reports the Confederates were marching toward the city. Despite the crisis, General Aiken said, the President was thoughtful of his guest and made him comfortable. Seven times afterwards he went to Washington with messages from Governor Buckingham.

Served in Navy.

"In August of the first year of the war, General Aiken married Miss Buckingham and was later commissioned an acting assistant paymaster of the Navy. He was ordered to the gunboat "Curlew," which took part in the pursuit of James M. Mason and John Sidel, who had set out for Europe as Confederate messengers. After serving a time in the Navy, taking part in several engagements of the Southern Atlantic squadron, Aiken returned to Connecticut and was made quartermaster general of the state. He was at home when Lincoln was assassinated and went with Governor Buckingham's party to the funeral and attended the services in the east room of the White House.

President Franklin Pierce was an uncle of Governor Aiken's and had visited him at the White House.

dining once with Jefferson Davis and General Winfield Scott. Through Pierce he met Nathaniel Hawthorne and later met every president but Arthur. None of them, he said later, had as big a hand as Lincoln—nor as big a heart and mind.

General Aiken leaves three daughters, Mrs. Benjamin W. Bacon, of New Haven; Misses Mary and Jane McG. Aiken, both of Norwich and a son, Alfred L. Aiken, of New York, four grandchild'ren and six great-grandchildren.

Chicago
Wigwam

Funeral -
Washington

Mrs. W.J. Microphones Tell How Clevelanders Saw Lincoln



In 1861 Abraham Lincoln, on his way to Washington, stopped at the Weddell House, 1434 W. 6th Street, and was warmly welcomed by the city fathers. The scene was re-enacted at the Weddell House yesterday and broadcast over Radio Station WCLE with Herschel G. Holland, law director of Parma, taking the part of Lincoln and License Commissioner Joseph E. Cassidy portraying I. V. Masters, the president of the Cleveland City Council in Lincoln's day. Cassidy is on the left.



These two Clevelanders yesterday, the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, told of the president's two stops in Cleveland, once in life and once in death. Mrs. W. J. Gibbs, 89, of 10123 Superior Avenue N. E., saw Lincoln when he was here in 1861 and saw his catafalque when it was brought here in 1865 after his assassination. John Alber, 90, of 17230 Bradgate Avenue S. W., told of the mournful procession down Euclid Avenue behind the catafalque. Both spoke on a special Lincoln's Day program of the Cultural Institute of the Air over Radio Station WGAR.

*The Plain Dealer
Cleveland 2-13-40*

RELIVE LINCOLN'S VISIT HERE IN '61

Radio Programs Describe His Weddell House Stay

Cleveland of 1861, the year in which Abraham Lincoln stopped at the Weddell House, 1434 W. 6th Street, on his way to Washington, was brought to Clevelanders of 1940 yesterday in two radio broadcasts honoring the Great Emancipator on the anniversary of his birth.

From the Weddell House, from the very room occupied by the president and Mrs. Lincoln during Lincoln's only visit here in his life, Radio Station WCLE broadcast a recreation of the city fathers' welcome to Lincoln.

Herschel G. Holland, law director of Parma, took the part of the martyred president and was "greeted" by License Commissioner Joseph E. Cassidy, in the role of I. V. Masters, president of the Cleveland City Council at that time.

Charles A. Otis, civic leader, portrayed S. J. Andrews, chairman of the citizen committee of 1861. The program was under the direction of Anthony L. Maresh, president of the Lincoln Association of Ohio.

Roosevelt Sends Wire

A message of congratulation and encouragement on the work of the association from President Roosevelt was read by Frenk G. Carpenter. Messages from Gov. John W. Bricker, former President Herbert Hoover and others also were read.

Albert A. Woldman, lawyer and author of "Lawyer Lincoln," spoke on "What Lincoln Means to Us Today."

On a special Lincoln's Day program of the Cultural Institute of the Air over Radio Station WGAR at 415 p. m., Mrs. W. J. Gibbs, 89, of 10123 Superior Avenue N. E.,

described the Weddell House reception given Lincoln as she remembered it.

Mrs. Gibbs and John Alber, 90, of 17230 Bradgate Avenue S. W., told of seeing Lincoln's catafalque when it was brought to Public Square in 1865. Mrs. Gibbs, besides being one of the few Clevelanders now alive who saw Lincoln, has the distinction of being the oldest former employee of the Plain Dealer, having sorted pied type when she was 15.

He Shook Hands With Abe Lincoln

Having seen an article in the Journal a few days ago telling of a lady who claimed to have been kissed by Abraham Lincoln, L. J. Albright of 417 S. 27th street came to the office and reported that he had shaken hands with both Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, at Anna, Illinois.

Mr. Albright said that when he was just a boy of 11 years, he is now 81, he went with his father and the rest of the family to Anna. People were swarming from all directions, in buggies, wagons and hacks. They had received word that Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln were to stage a debate at Jonesboro. The Albrights, headed by the elder John C. Albright, camped in the old 'Bizzels Woods' near Anna the night before the arrival of the president to be.

The younger Albright, describes the scene of the arrival of the train on the I. C. Carrying Douglas and Lincoln, as if it happened only yesterday. He said it was the first train he had ever seen. Streaming with colors, the old wood burner, traveling on a track whose rails were about four feet apart, was rolling from side to side amid shouts of "Here she comes," "Watch out. she'll jump the track," etc.

A cannon was fired just as the train stopped at the depot at Anna as a salute to the two distinguished guests. L. J. Albright, in the arms of his father, became frightened at the sound of the cannon and began to scream. Just then Abe Lincoln stepped down from the train and was attracted to the boy, by his lusty cries and asked him what had caused him to cry. He shook hands with the lad, gave him a pat on the cheek and told him not to cry because the cannon would not be fired again.

The large crowd then gathered in large hacks and various sorts of raps of transportation and traveled over to the spot now occupied by the fair grounds at Jonesboro. It was here that the Lincoln-Douglas debate took place.

Mr. Albright said that he could not remember anything about the debate, because he was too busy running about the grove of trees playing with other children while the elders were listening to the two noted speakers.

It is quite singular that a person lives right here in Herrin who was at one time face to face with the Great Emancipator. However, there are likely a number of the old timers in and around Anna and Jonesboro who could tell similar stories of that red letter day of southern Illinois.

HERRIN ILL JOURNAL
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1929.

A Veteran Pays Tribute To His Chief



Biographers may come and go, but Abraham Lincoln will always remain the greatest figure of his life to Sergeant Frank B. Allen, Civil War veteran, who twice cast his vote for the Civil War president and heard him speak when he passed through Rochester on his way to inauguration in Washington in Feb. 1861. This portrait of the commander-in-chief of the Civil War forces hangs in a prominent position in Sergeant Allen's home at 139 Alexander Street.

Rochester N.Y. Times Union - Feb. 12 - 1931

PRESIDENT'S STOP HERE IN 1861 RECALLED

G. A. R. Veteran Remembers Visit — New Citizens To Be Guests of Chamber of Commerce at Dinner This Evening.

Abraham Lincoln, were he alive, would be 122 years old today.

Rochester joined in fitting tribute to the memory of the martyred president.

Today 24 American cities and towns bear the name of Lincoln, the man who was born in poverty into an uneducated family, yet became one of the nation's greatest leaders. Every incident in his remarkable life is cherished food for historians. Every memento relating to him is prized.

Mrs. Estelle Hawley of Pittsford has such a valued treasure. It is a small square of black figured silk, a piece of the gown worn by Mrs. Lincoln to Ford's Theater the tragic night of April 14, 1865, when the president was shot. The silk is stained with Lincoln's blood.

The relic came into the possession of Mrs. Hawley some years ago after the death of her uncle, Frank Sperry, who had received it from Mrs. Anne Hanson Dorsey of Washington. A letter, written by Mrs. Dorsey nearly a half century ago, explains how she came into possession of the gown and tells of Mrs. Lincoln's repudiation for all the garments she had worn the night of the assassination.

Remembers Visit Here

One Rochesterian who joined in today's observance of the birthday anniversary, Col. Samuel C. Pierce of 49 Greig Street, saw Lincoln in Rochester on the cold Monday morning of Feb. 18, 1861, when as president-elect he stopped five minutes here en route to Washington for his inauguration.

Here is an excerpt from the story of that visit as printed in the Feb. 18 issue of the Rochester Union and Advertiser of that year:

"At 7 this morning, thousands had assembled at the intersection of State Street and the Central Railroad in expectation of the arrival of the distinguished stranger. The west end, or front, of the depot was decorated with American flags and upon a canvas were displayed the words: 'Welcome to the President-elect.'

Band on Hand

"The Waverly Hotel, where it was expected on Saturday Mr. Lincoln would speak, was also handsomely decorated with flags, and in the lower balcony was a band ready to play "Hail Columbia" as the train came in.

PRESIDENT'S STOP HERE IN 1861 RECALLED

(Continued From Page 8)

"At 7:35 the signal was given that the train was in sight and the cannon of the Grays on Falls Field began to salute. . . . It (the train) came slowly through the dense mass of people and went into the depot before stopping. . . . On the extreme of the platform Mr. Lincoln appeared with His Honor Mayor Scrantom, who said: 'I have the honor to introduce to you the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, president-elect of the United States of America.'

"Mr. Lincoln responded substantially as follows: 'Fellow citizens—It is a matter of welcome surprise to me to meet at so early an hour in the morning such a multitude of people and I must say it is the largest assemblage I have met since I started on my journey. You have not assembled here to greet in me merely the man, but the representative of the American people. I cannot promise to address you at length; the time allotted for my stay among you will not admit of it. If I should make extended remarks at every place where my fellow citizens had and are to assemble to see me, I should not reach the capital in time for the inauguration. It is a great gratification to me to see you and I heartily thank you for your kindness.'"

On April 17, 1865, the body of the dead president was conveyed through Rochester on its way to Springfield, Ill., for interment. Although the train arrived here at 3:20 a. m., a large crowd gathered at the station.

Criticism Voiced

Today, as has happened with every great man, words of criticism are written as well as words of praise. The criticisms are not taken seriously by most Americans, however.

A new biography of Lincoln by Edward Lee Masters contains a statement that the president was guilty of cant and Christian hypocrisy.

In a chapel talk before University of Rochester students yesterday Dean Thomas Wearing of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School said Masters has done nothing more than bring the foolish gossip of the "Spoon River Anthology" into the life of the nation's most beloved hero. Then he proceeded to extoll Lincoln's virtues and accomplishments in proof of his point.

Banks and brokerages were closed today in tribute to Lincoln's memory. Many events were listed in honor of the day.

Chamber Group Will Welcome Citizens

Tonight at 6:30 o'clock there will be a dinner of the Council for Better Citizenship at the Chamber of Commerce to welcome new citizens.

Judge James J. Barrett of Syracuse will be the speaker and Justice Edwin C. Smith will present certificates of citizenship.

Pupils of School 24 will give a flag drill and color ceremony with Capt. William J. Graham of the Naval Militia in charge. The University of Rochester Glee Club will sing and Wesley M. Angle, president of the Chamber, will give the address of welcome. Arthur M. Lee will preside.

Church Men's Club To Conduct Dinner

Lincoln's birthday will be celebrated by the men of St Stephen's Episcopal Church this evening.

George F. Argetsinger will give an illustrated lecture on "Gettysburg." Dinner will be served at 7 o'clock by women of the parish.

Lincoln Association Will Dine Tonight

The Abraham Lincoln Association will have a dinner tonight in the Powers Hotel.

Honor guests will be George H. Taylor, department commander, G. A. R.; Fred C. Barnard, department commander, S. O. U. V.; Mrs. Bertha A. Utley, department president, D. O. U. V.; Mrs. Eleanor Litchfield, department president, W. R. C.; Mrs. Mary Kryger, department president, Auxiliary, S. O. U. V.

Kendrick P. Shedd will be toastmaster and the Rev. Charles Shay will give the invocation. Joseph R. Hanley will speak, as also will George H. Taylor. The Rev. W. A. Hallock will give the benediction. The entertainment will include a baritone solo by George Frank; harp solo, Gladus Whitmore Dart; fife and drum corps, led by Charles W. Pfeiffer, and songs led by Clarence B. Bilbon, accompanied by Lulu Mae Dobbin. Mrs. James P. Callahan is chairman of the music.

Young People Will Have Dance Tonight

Young people of St. Augustine's Church will have a Lincoln Day dance tonight in Madison ballroom, 300 Genesee Street.

Miss Eleanor Craig, president of the Nazareth College senior class, is chairman.

18, 1937.

J. C. ALLEN, VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR, 95

***Last Survivor of Hooker G. A. R.
Post an Onlooker at Gettysburg
—Dies in Atlantic City***

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Nov. 17.

—John C. Allen, one of the last two Civil War veterans here, died in his sleep at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John H. Gregg, at noon today. He was 95.

Mr. Allen was the last member of Joe Hooker Post, Grand Army of the Republic. He was the oldest member of the Florence Lodge of Masons in Woodbury, N. J., and a member of the Exchange Club, a civic organization. The only other Civil War veteran here, John Spanger, moved to the shore from Philadelphia only a few years ago.

The Atlantic City Exchange Club and other local civic organizations gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Allen's birthday last May. The veteran was born in Blackwood, N. J., and at 18 enlisted in the Keystone Battery, an independent light artillery company in Philadelphia. The unit marched to Washington and finally reached Gettysburg, but was held back under orders and viewed the entire engagement from a nearby hillside. Later Mr. Allen met Lincoln twice.

Mustered out of the army, he entered the employ of the J. C. Blair Company, stationers of Huntingdon, Pa. Fifty years later he retired and moved to Atlantic City.

Allen, William

Washington

Civil War Veteran Who Met Lincoln Dies

South Bend, Ind., Sept. 18. —(P)
—William Allen, 90 years old, Civil War veteran and commander of Auten Post No. 8, G.A.R., died here last night of injuries suffered in a fall at his home.

Among Allen's cherished memories was that of having met Abraham Lincoln during a visit to Washington while on furlough. The Civil War President stopped and talked with Allen as he stood on a street corner. Allen enlisted at the age of 14 with G company, 28th Michigan infantry. He was with Gen. Sherman at the battle of Nashville, and participated in the famous march to the sea. Allen's father was killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing and a brother was killed in service.

Allyn, Robert

Heard L. in Cincinnati

Inspired By Divinity

In the autumn of 1859, I was residing in Cincinnati, and heard the late Stephen A. Douglas speak twice in that city or vicinity, and Mr. Lincoln speak once, from the steps of the Burnet House, I believe. I was impressed greatly with the contrast between them. Mr. Douglas was aggressive, confident in himself, and evidently bent on crushing his opponents. Mr. Lincoln seemed at first too modest and undemonstrative. But as he went on and forgot himself, and apparently his party, in his interest in grand principles, he rose in dignity, till he seemed, more the embodiment of Justice, Freedom and Love of Humanity, than a mere man. He was lost in the grandeur of the cause, and stood unselfishly for the rights of all men, in all ages. And I have often thought that this idea of him then, gathered by me, best expresses the essence of his character, and inspired disregard of personal interests, and a complete self-surrender of everything to the welfare of all men, especially the humblest.

ROBERT ALLYN.

Carbondale, Illinois, 1880.

Jan 16 1881

Alverson, Emory O.

Chicago

Funeral - body guard

GAN Corre.

GUARDED LINCOLN'S BODY

JACKSON, April 30.—(AP)—Emory O. Alverson, 92, veteran of the Civil war, and a member of the military escort which guarded the body of Abraham Lincoln as it was taken through Chicago to Springfield for burial, died at his home here Monday. Alverson was born in Lenawee County. He will be buried at Hudson.

Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Ill.
2/11/61

A RECOLLECTION OF LINCOLN

Paxton, Ill., Feb. 2—The cartoon in yesterday's TRIBUNE, "It Happened in February," recalls an incident our father used to tell his family about. As a 15 year old boy he was tending some cattle in the bottom lands of the Wabash river near Attica, Ind., near the Great Western (now Wabash) railroad. It was in the afternoon of Feb. 11, 1861.

As the train passed by he saw Abraham Lincoln standing on the rear platform of the train looking back to Illinois, which he had just recently left.

Then on April 30th, 1865, our father saw the crepe covered coaches of the Lincoln funeral train as it sped from Indianapolis thru Lafayette toward Chicago. FRANK E. ANDERSON

100-100000
100-100000
100-100000



LINCOLN'S PITY FOR HIM

**CAPT. H. M. ANDERSON MET THE
PRESIDENT AS A PRIVATE.**

**A Youthful Orphan, He Was Or-
dered Discharged by Command-
er-in-Chief, but Remained in
Service Through Civil War.**

Union army Civil War veterans re-
called yesterday the depth of feeling
of loyalty and affection the army had
for Abraham Lincoln.

Capt. H. M. Anderson, 86 years old,
2112 Linwood boulevard, recalled
being singled out of his company by
the President and the sympathy Lin-
coln showed when he learned Captain
Anderson was an orphan. He had
enlisted when he was only 17. Volun-
teers for three months had been
called for and he at once enlisted in
Company I of the 3d Maine infantry,
one of the two companies recruiting
in his home town, Augusta.

REFUSED BY ONE OUTFIT.

The other company had refused
him on account of his youth.

He enlisted April 19, 1861. June 7,
1861, his regiment was leaving Wash-
ington on the old chain bridge across
the Potomac to take the field in Con-
federate territory when it was recalled
to do guard duty in Washington. It
was rumored there was a plot to burn
the city and all available troops were
put on guard about the public build-
ings. Company I was placed at the
capitol and that night the men slept
in the rotunda under the uncom-
pleted dome.

The next morning Lincoln inspected
the company. He passed down the
line, asking men's names and at-
tempting to recall members of their
families he might have known. When
he reached Anderson, then a private,
he asked how old he was.

"Seventeen," Anderson replied.

"That is too young. Did you have
your mother's consent to join?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"She's dead, sir."

"O-oh—did you have your father's
consent?"

"No, sir. He's dead, too."

NO PLACE FOR BOYS.

Lincoln spoke to the captain of the
company, saying there was no need
for boys in the army, it was no place
for them. He ordered Anderson sent
home, but the order was never exe-
cuted. Captain Anderson served
through the war, rising to command
of the company in which he had en-
listed.

The veterans were entertained yes-
terday at a luncheon given by Kansas
City Circle No. 22, Ladies of the
Grand Army of the Republic. The
luncheon was at the home of Mrs.
John Rohde, 3229 Paseo. Twenty-
one members of the Farragut Thomas
and McPherson posts attended.

QUESTIONED BY LINCOLN IN 1861

President Thought Holman M. Anderson Was Too Young To Be a Soldier.

Capt. Holman M. Anderson, veteran of the Union Army of the Civil War and who once was called out of his company's formation to converse with Abraham Lincoln, died recently in Kansas City, Mo. He was 89 years old. Capt. Anderson's home was with his daughter, Mrs. R. E. Matthews.

Of a vigorous nature in spite of his 89 years, Capt. Anderson was a member of the Loyal Legion, an organization of men who served as officers in the Civil War, and the Farragut Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. Only two members of the Loyal Legion in Kansas City now are alive, E. D. Bigelow and Dr. John S. Mott.

Mrs. Matthews and four grandchildren are Capt. Anderson's only survivors.

When the first call for three-months volunteers went out at the beginning of the Civil War, Mr. Anderson, then only a boy, enlisted at Augusta, Me., and was assigned to the 3d Me. When the three months were over he reenlisted and served for the duration of the war.

A Career Of Hazards.

When Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, Mr. Anderson was a captain of the Union Army. He had served with distinction at the first Battle of Bull Run and had been wounded at Fair Oaks and Fredericksburg, Va. His regiment had formed the bloody angle in Peach Orchard at Gettysburg and he had been captured, had served 10 months in the notorious Libby Prison and had helped to dig the famous tunnel thru which more than 100 officers escaped from the prison the night of Feb. 9, 1864.

With all these adventures, Capt. Anderson preferred to tell the story of his conversation with Abraham Lincoln. It was on June 7, 1861, when the gaunt War President walked along the company front on an inspection trip of Co. I, 3d Me.

The President stopped before a soldier and apparently was impressed by the extreme youth of the volunteer. Lincoln asked the young soldier's age.

"Seventeen, sir," the boy replied.

"That is too young," the President remarked. "Did you have your mother's permission to join?"

"No, sir," was the answer.

"Why not?"

"She's dead, sir."

"Then did you have your father's consent?"

"No, sir. He's dead, too."

Anderson, Capt. Holman M.

The President passed along silently. Lincoln did not forget the boy who stood in the ranks. He spoke of him in War Department memoranda and ordered him sent home, but the order never was carried out and Capt. Anderson served thruout the war.

National Tribune

5-11-33

DANGLED HIS TOES AT LINCOLN.**William P. Anderson as a Boy Seen
in Tree at Douglas Debate**

The birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln each year arouses a tinge of regret in the heart of William Penn Anderson, 80 years old, special representative of the livestock department of the Santa Fe railroad.

Mr. Anderson was one of three or four boys who heard the historic debate between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass at Galesburg, Ill., from the branches of a tree which helped to shade the outdoor platform upon which the debate was staged. The bare feet of the boys dangling from the tree attracted Lincoln's attention as he paced back and forth on the platform, frequently raising his arm high in the air and swinging it downward in special emphasis of some particular statement.

Once, when Lincoln raised his arm in emphasis directly beneath the boys, he stretched up a little higher than usual and wiggled his fingers as if to tickle the toes of the boys in the tree. All the boys, Mr. Anderson said, instinctively drew their feet out of reach.

Mr. Anderson said he never has been able to stifle the feeling of regret over drawing his feet up into the tree, thus denying himself the honor of being able to boast he once had formed personal contact with the illustrious President. All the other boys in the group have died.

Mr. Anderson, a lifelong admirer of Lincoln, vividly recalls the historic debate and incidents leading up to it and events that followed. He has been with the Santa Fe since 1871 and as special representative of the livestock department has traveled to all parts of the United States and Canada. His home is at Baldwin, Kas., although he has headquarters here.

He was 8 years old at the time of the debate and lived five miles from Galesburg.

Kansas City, Mo. Star
FEB. 10, 1930

ALEXANDER ANNAN DIES; KNEW LINCOLN FAMILY

Alexander Annan, who used to sell underwear to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln for little Robert Lincoln and who in his fifty-five years in the underwear department of Marshall Field & Co. saw the country progress from red flannels to their modern counterpart, died at his home at 1440 East 66th place yesterday morning.

Mr. Annan was in his 82d year, and until last month was active in his capacity as head of the underwear department at Fields. He listed among his customers most of Chicago's great. He knew just which kind of silk underwear to show George M. Pullman and the kind of flannels Cyrus McCormick wished him to bring down to the waiting carriage. On his fiftieth anniversary as an employe he received a congratulatory letter from Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lincoln, in which Robert reminded him of the flannel and knit wool underwear his mother often purchased, but Mr. Annan had no need to be reminded. He remembered all his customers.

Funeral services will be read tomorrow at 2 p. m. in his home by Prof. Edward Scribner Ames of the University of Chicago. Burial will be at Oakwoods. He leaves a wife, six daughters and two sons.

CHARLES E. ANTHONY'S ONE MEETING.

CHARLES E. ANTHONY'S one meeting with Lincoln presents an interesting contrast to those of the men who shared the emancipator's interest in public affairs. It was in the latter part of the winter of 1861, but a short time before Mr. Lincoln left for his inauguration at Washington. Judge Anthony went to the Sherman House, where the President-elect was stopping, and took with him his son Charles, then but a little boy—though the event is one which in mature manhood he remembers and will retain while he lives.

A good many men were present, and there was a constant pressure for admission at the door. Those who were admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence seemed to have matters of a great deal of importance to talk about, which, of course, the boy did not understand. Nor did the failure to understand it trouble him at all. He played about the room as a child will, looking at whatever interested him for the time, and when the interview with his father was concluded he was ready to go.

But Mr. Lincoln, ever interested in little children, called the lad to him and took him upon his great knee.

"My impression of him all the time I had been playing about the room," says Mr. Anthony, "was that he was a terribly homely man. I was rather repelled. But no sooner did he speak to me, and call me to come to him, than the expression of his face changed completely, or, rather, my view of it changed. It at once became kindly and attractive. I went to him without any hesitation, though

I was rather a timid boy, and did not resist at all when he gathered me up and placed me upon his knee. He asked me some questions, I remember, seeming instantly to find, in the turmoil of all the great questions that must have been heavy upon him, the very ones that would go to the thought of a child. I answered him without hesitation, and after a moment he patted my shoulder and said:

"Well, you'll be a man before your mother yet," and put me down.

"I had never before heard the homely old expression, and it puzzled me for a time. After a moment I understood it, but he looked at me while I was puzzling over it, and seemed to be amused—as I doubt he was.

"The incident illustrates the ease and read-ness with which he could turn from the mighty problems of the nation, insoluble to the great men of the nation, give a moment's attention to a child, and return at once to the matters of state—and solve them.

"The next time I saw him he was in his coffin, lying in state over him in the old courthouse. I was profoundly grieved."

Chicago Times 9.8.95
Herald



READING THE CURRENT MAGAZINES.

OLD SETTLER WHO SAW LINCOLN SETS A TRIAL RECORD STRAIGHT

Edgar Lee Masters, in Esquire, Writes of an Interview With Brother of the Man Who Was Saved by Hero of New Salem—Notes From the New Yorker, the American and Collier's Concerning the English, Hitler, Several U. S. Citizens and the Nation's Flying First Lady.

DUFF ARMSTRONG has his place in American history, along with his mother, who knitted and darned for Lincoln when he boarded with her in New Salem. Duff was the defendant in the famous almanac case. It seems Duff and a man named Metzger had words which ended in a fight. Metzger was killed. Prosecution witnesses said Duff struck him with a neckyoke. Lincoln asked if the moon were at the meridian when the blow was struck. Yes, they said, at the meridian, and consequently bright enough for them to distinguish the instrument. Lincoln produced an almanac which showed the moon was setting at the time of the killing. Duff was freed.

One day Theodore Dreiser, who had not yet brought out "An American Tragedy," and Edgar Lee Masters, who had not yet turned completely from law to poetry, went down to Oakford, Ill. (about twenty miles from Springfield), to see Duff's brother, John, who was getting along in years and was known for miles around as a superb fiddler and storyteller. Masters tells of this visit in the current issue of Esquire magazine.



THEODORE DREISER AND EDGAR LEE MASTERS
GO VISITING IN THE LINCOLN COUNTRY.

John had known Masters's father, but he had never heard of Dreiser, whom he insisted on calling Dresser. John thought "Dresser" was a lawyer, because he asked so many questions, one of the first being, "Did you know Lincoln?"

"Well," John said, "I kain't say that I knowed him. I seed him onct, that I remember well. You see, when Duff was tried—thar's his picture on the wall—I was only 9 years old. And my mother, that's Aunt Hannah as they called her, took me to Beardstown whar they had Duff in jail. That's when I seed Linkern."

"What did he look like," Dreiser asked.

"Wal, by God, that's hard to answer. He looked like one of these here cranes you see along the Sangamon river—tall, you know, and thin. He didn't have no beard, that I remember. I know damn well he didn't have no beard, because my mother said so many times."

Throughout the rest of the evening, except for the time spent in washing and eating, Dreiser sat in a rocking chair, rocking and laughing and tying knots in his handkerchief. He was delighted when old John sang "The Missouri Harmony." ("Linkern," John said, "used to sing it, but he couldn't carry no tune. That's what my mother told me. But he'd try at it.")

Inevitably the conversation turned to the Duff-Metzger fracas, and John was asked to tell about it. John denied heatedly that Lincoln had tampered with the almanac. He got it at a drugstore, John said. Masters pointed out that the almanac actually should not have been admissible as legal evidence. John didn't know about that. Anyway, he said, nobody could prove Duff had killed Metzger.

"There was bad blood betwixt them," John admitted. "And that night when Duff used the neckyoke there was a general fight with several in it; and this here Metzger was hit with a slung shot by somebody, and Duff hit him with a neckyoke. But what Duff did didn't kill him. It was the slung shot. A doctor got on the witness stand and swore that it was the slung shot that cracked his skull."

"Besides all that, the evidence showed that Metzger ridin' home that night fell off his hoss several times. So how could you say that ary blow at the fight killed him? He might have cracked his head fallin' off his hoss; for as fur as that's concerned he rode home after bein' hit with the slung shot and the neckyoke. And Linkern's speech, which made my mother cry, and everybody in the courtroom, freed Duff right thar."

"According to this, the position of the moon had as much to do with the case as the astrology of the Babylonians," Masters said.

"Is that so?" said John mildly. "Maybe you're right."

Armstrong, Housen

Partner in store where L. worked

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1924.

Housen Armstrong: "Mrs. Glenn Squire's grandfather was a partner in the store in which Abraham Lincoln worked."

ARMSTRONG, MRS. JOSIE

Mrs. Josie Armstrong died at Chicago last Friday at the age of 110 years. Mrs. Armstrong is said to be the colored woman who nursed Abraham Lincoln's wife, and it is alleged her son played with "Little Abe" before the latter learned the art of splitting rails.

Armstrong, Mrs. Nelson

Washington
Assassination - Ford's theatre

***Actress Backstage When
Lincoln Was Shot Is Dead***

Huron, S. D., July 3.—(P)—Mrs. Nelson Armstrong, 85, who as a young actress was backstage in Ford's theater the night Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, died here late yesterday. She fell and broke her hip about a week ago.

Armstrong, Mrs. Nelson

Saw Lincoln Tragedy



Mrs. Nelson Armstrong, 83, of Huron, S. D., who is the last surviving member of the troupe which presented "Our American Cousin" at the Ford theater in Washington the night Abraham Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth, another member of the troupe. She was 15 years old at the time of the assassination.

Armstrong, Mrs. Nelson

Last Survivor of Theatrical Troupe That Performed as Lincoln Was Shot Tells Graphic Story of Assassination

By KENNETH STOCK

HURON, S. D.—While the nation observed the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, February 12, the most tragic and historic event associated with her life is recalled by Mrs. Nelson Armstrong, 84, the last survivor of the theatrical troupe that presented "Our American Cousin" in Ford's theater, Washington, D. C., the night Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth.

The 69 years that have elapsed since that historic night of April 14, 1865, have magnified rather than dimmed her recollection of the event that plunged the north in sorrow and brought conflicting emotions to the troupers who were torn between their friendship for Booth and the enormity of his crime.

Booth a Stage Star

Booth, brother of Edwin Booth, the great actor, was himself a star on the stage, and he was admired by fellows of his own craft for his histrionic ability and his readiness for fun. The depths of his seriousness were seldom revealed to his associates on the stage.

Mrs. Armstrong as a girl was Kitty Dempsey, who lived at a hotel operated by an uncle. Edwin Brink, actor, fell in love with her when he stayed at the hotel, and when he left she accompanied him and became his girl-bride at the age of 15 years.

Through her husband, Kitty Brink began to get small parts in plays. Shakespearean plays then dominated the theater, and "Our American Cousin" was being presented in Ford's theater as a stop-gap to allow the company additional rehearsals for "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Kitty Brink had no part in the play on April 14, 1865, and her husband was cast in a minor role. She was assigned to help the call boy and to assist in makeup back stage.

President Lincoln's visit to the theater that night was something in the nature of a celebration over the surrender of General Lee's forces, which brought the Civil war to an end. His party in the upper box, overlooking the stage, included only Mrs. Lincoln, Major H. R. Rathbone and a sister a Miss Harris, fiancée of the young officer.

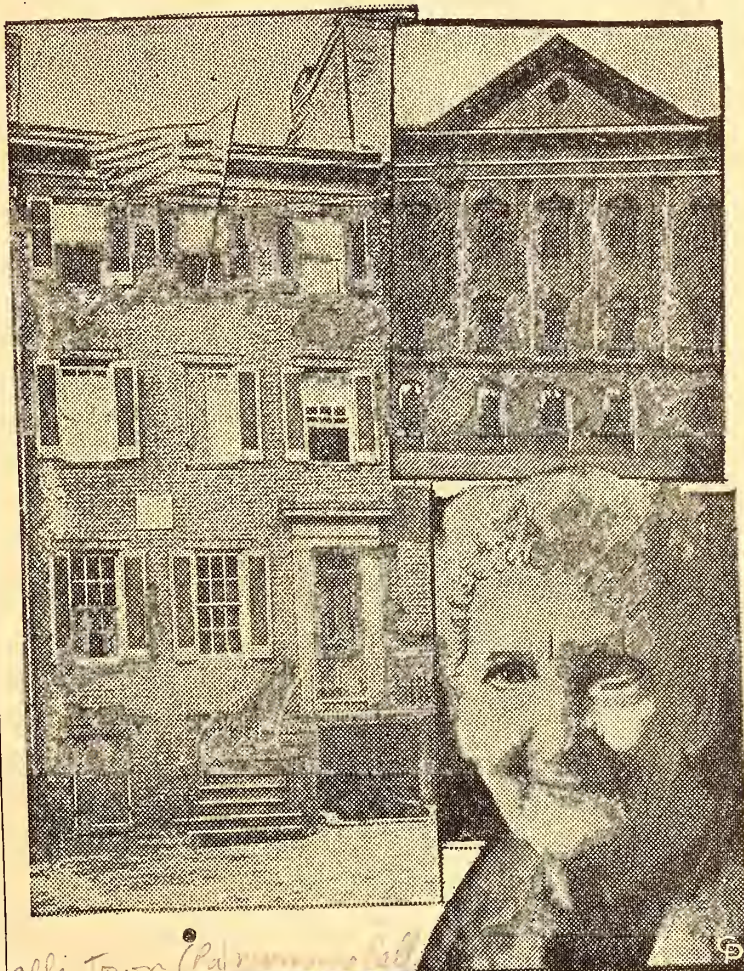
The Fatal Evening

Mrs. Armstrong's account of the events of the shooting, although not in her exact words, follows:

"The first I knew that Lincoln and his party had arrived was when it was reported back stage by the actors who were on at the time (the play had begun before the arrival of Lincoln). The fact caused little stir among us, because he was an occasional visitor to the theater. His arrival must not have caused more than an ordinary amount of hand clapping, because otherwise I would have noticed it.

"The performance proceeded as usual until about 10 o'clock, when the second scene in the third act was being presented. Harry Hawk was alone on the stage, and Laura Keane, leading lady, and W. J. Ferguson, a young actor in a minor part, were in the first wing preparing to enter.

—*—*—
Mrs. Nelson Armstrong Stood Back-stage Fatal Night
—*—*—



The house where Abraham Lincoln died, left; right, Ford's theatre and Mrs. Nelson Armstrong

As the action of the play paused, there came the report of the firing of a gun, followed by a thud on the stage. Both noises were instantly audible to those who were with me in a dressing room. Then we heard the footsteps of someone hurrying off the stage, through the scenes back stage and out the stage entrance door to the alley.

"We attached no significance to the sounds until shouts and the noise of general confusion were heard. We rushed to the scene and saw several men being boosted into Lincoln's box from the stage proper. Mr. Lincoln was in his chair, his head bowed down on his chest, Mrs. Lincoln was frantically and incoherently calling for help, saying that the president had been shot.

Audience Saw Little

"Miss Keane and Mr. Ferguson by that time were on their way to the front of the theater from where they went to the president's box. The aud-

ience, which had been unable to see what happened in the box because of the curtain that shielded it from the view of anyone except those on the stage and in the opposite boxes, then realized the tragedy that had been enacted, although they did not know its seriousness. The boxes opposite that occupied by Lincoln and his party were empty that night.

"We saw several doctors examining Lincoln, and then he was carried, still in his chair, out of the theater and across the street to a boarding house where he died next morning. The shocked theater patrons excitedly left; the play stopped, and the company members gathered to discuss the affair. It was then that Miss Keene informed us that Booth did the shooting, for she recognized him easily as he pushed passed her in his scramble for safety.

"I was just a girl at the time, and the full realization of what I had seen and heard that night did not come to me until years later. It was the most vivid chapter of my life and one that I cannot forget.

"Members of the company liked Booth, and they blamed temporary insanity caused partly by drunkenness for his rash act. My husband later told me that he had talked with Booth earlier in the day, and that Booth said to him, 'something will happen here tonight that will make the name of Booth live forever.' His prophesy came true, but not in the way he meant it."

Booth's Death

Historians fill the gaps left in Mrs. Armstrong's account. Booth was not in the play that night, nor had he acted on the stage for almost a month. He arrived at the theatre between 9 and 9:30 o'clock, arranged with a property man to hold his horse in the alley back of the stage entrance door, and went to the front of the theater and chatted with the doorman. The

doorman testified he had been drinking.

About 10 o'clock he went to the door of the president's box, which he found unguarded. The guard had taken a seat in the gallery to watch the play. He softly opened the door, closed it and barricaded it with a board and then turned on Lincoln, who had not heard his movements. With a derringer, he shot Lincoln under the ear and climbed to the box railing, where Major Rathbone tried to seize him. Booth slashed at Major Rathbone with a dagger and leaped to the stage. His boot spur caught in the folds of the president's box, however, and his feet became entangled, causing a fracture of his left leg as he lighted on the stage.

Despite that accident, he ran out of the theater through the rear door, jumped on his horse and rode away. Two weeks later Booth was surrounded in a barn, where he had sought refuge, by soldiers searching for him. He refused to surrender, and the barn was fired. At that moment, either he shot himself or was shot by one of the soldiers (historians do not agree) and his death followed in a few hours.

Booth's Motive

Booth was a strong sympathizer with the south in the Civil war, and he believed that the death of Lincoln would somehow benefit the south and glorify his name despite the fact that the war was ended.

Mrs. Armstrong obtained a divorce from Edwin Brink a few years after Lincoln's assassination, but continued on the stage for about 15 years, playing in Shakespearean plays in this country and in Canada. Shortly after she lost most of her possessions in a fire while playing in Canada, she was married to Nelson Armstrong. The two came to South Dakota in 1882.

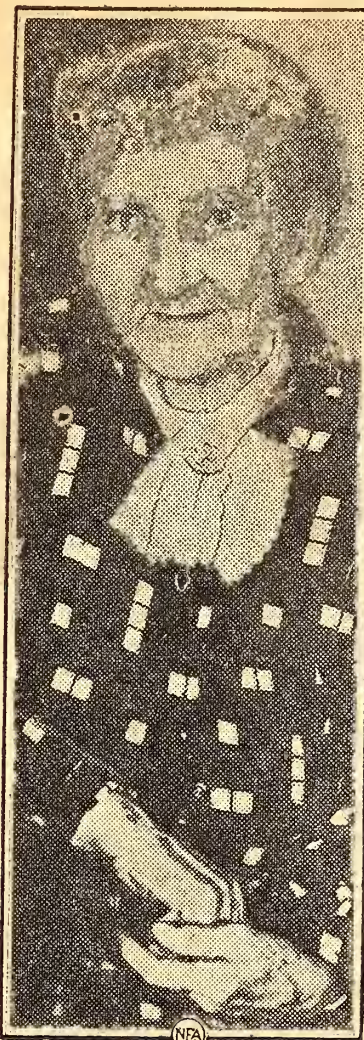
Armstrong is dead and Mrs. Armstrong lived here with her children, John Armstrong and Pearl Rasseler.

Call, Sunday, April 9, 1934.

A

Armstrong, Mrs. Nelson

Assassination Burns Her Mind



MRS. NELSON ARMSTRONG

Today when millions of Americans are thinking of the humble birth of Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Armstrong, 85, of Huron, S. D., recalls the shot that killed the Great Emancipator in Ford's Theatre, Washington.

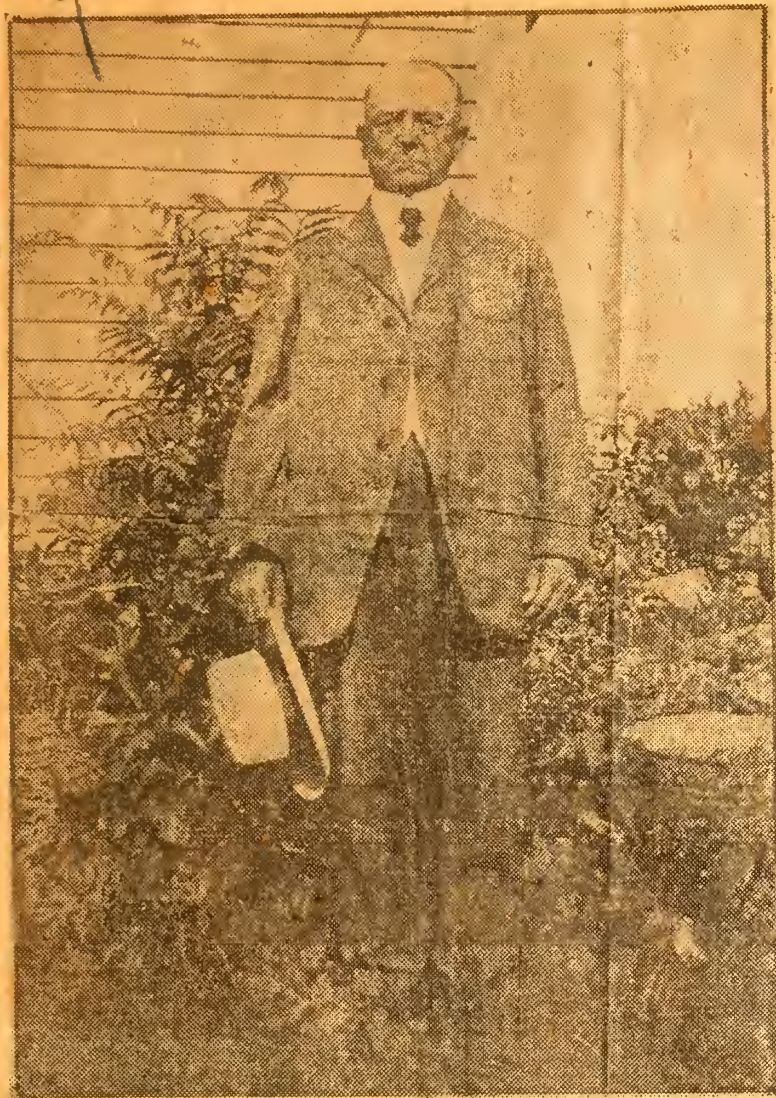
Mrs. Armstrong, then 15, was backstage as the shot fired by John Wilkes Booth rang through the theatre, and the man fled. Mrs. Armstrong insists the man authorities shot in a barn where he had taken refuge was not Booth.

"Of course I can't prove it definitely one way or another, but I, and a great number of others who knew him, have always been convinced that he got away and died under another name many years later," she says.

Pittston Pa
Herald

2-12-35

He Played in Abe Lincoln's Yard



The Rev. W. H. Arthur, above, of Gallipolis, above, lived three doors from Abraham Lincoln and his family in Springfield, and he played frequently in the Lincoln yard. Robert Lincoln, now deceased, was his closest chum.

WASHINGTON (W. VA.) ADVERTISER
Sunday, August 4, 1929

Pastor Of Ohio, As Child, Played In Lincoln Yard

Rev. W. H. Arthur, of Gallipolis, Recalls Having
Seen Great Leader

NEIGHBOR WHEN GROUP
LIVED IN SPRINGFIELD

Robert Lincoln, His Chum
Then, Became Officer in
Union Army

By HAROLD CHAMPER

Few are those surviving who have seen President Lincoln in life, and still fewer those who were neighbors of the family before he became President of the United States.

Rev. W. H. Arthur, 91 years of age, of Gallipolis, O., recalls that as a small boy he often played with the Lincoln children at their home then in Springfield, Ill. Robert Lincoln, now deceased, was his closest chum, although three years his senior. He remembers "Bob's" two brothers, Tommy and Willie, quite vividly, however.

"Yes, we lived just three doors from Lincoln's home," he recalled. "There were three boys in the family. Bob and I often played together." Particularly fresh on his memory is the instance when he and "Bob" were swinging high under a shade tree in the Lincoln's yard, the ropes snapped and they had a grand spill.

Robert became an officer in the federal army during the Civil war. Reverend Arthur has been a minister for 40 years.

Mrs. Lincoln was very good to us children," he said, "Bob would often take me into his home and his mother would give us sandwiches or pie. Mrs. Lincoln did her own cooking and us kids thought it was great."

Reverend Arthur said that he remembered having seen Mr. Lincoln on a number of occasions, but was more closely associated with the boys and their mother. He recalls that he was very proud to claim the same day of the month, February 12, as did Mr. Lincoln for his birthday.

The Arthur family moved from Springfield before the Lincolns. Staying in Missouri for about a year, his father died and the family moved to Virginia where his mother's kin lived.

"Lincoln was elected president the year we moved to Virginia," he pointed out. I persuaded my mother to allow me to accompany my uncle to the polls in our district. I remained with him until the votes were counted; Lincoln won there and we were sure that he must have been elected. Later we learned that this conjecture was true."

Among his prized possessions is a picture of the Lincoln home in Springfield in the book, "Abe Lincoln, His Life and Speeches." In the picture he points out familiar objects of his childhood. On a wall of the room is hung a picture of the Lincoln family.

He still owns a hymn book which his mother gave him when he was 12 years old, and among his treasure is also his mother's Bible, dated 1857.

ARTHUR, W. H.

Springfield

lived three
doors from L.

Ohio Minister Was Playmate of Lincoln

Special to The Citizen.

GALLIPOLIS, O., Aug. 9.—Few are those surviving who saw President Abraham Lincoln in life and still fewer are those who were neighbors of the family before he became president of the United States.

Rev. William H. Arthur, 24, a retired Methodist minister of this city, recalls that as a boy he often played with the Lincoln

children who lived three doors from the Arthur family in Springfield, Ill.

"'Bob' Lincoln, three years older, was my particular chum," says Rev. Arthur, who recalls how he played with the Lincoln boys and how their mother used to prepare sandwiches for them in her home.

Rev. Arthur prizes highly a picture of the Lincoln home that was given to him by the family in Springfield. Rev. Arthur was a minister in southern Ohio for over 40 years.



They Remember Abe Lincoln! And Not From History Books

Actual memories of Abraham Lincoln are revived in the minds and hearts of a small group of Philadelphians today as the city joins the nation in paying reverence to the Great Emancipator, 16th president of the United States.

To this gray-haired group the Civil war president was not a character who grew in their esteem through history and legend. He was a man whom they knew—a man whose voice they heard or whose hand they touched.

From the treasured reminiscences of youth, Paul Field, 81, of 742 S. 2d st., the oldest living member of the Philadelphia Real Estate board, recalls how Lincoln held him in his arms during a flag raising in front of Independence hall.

"Whose boy are you?" Lincoln asked Fields, then 12 years old.



Mrs. M. Arzt

"I am Paul Field's boy," the youth replied.

Lincoln then said: "I hope you will grow up to be a good man."

The flag raising took place on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, 1861. "When the ceremony was about to begin," said Field yesterday, "Lincoln pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves as though he were going to chop a cord of wood."

Four years later, in 1865, Field saw Lincoln's body as it lay in state in Independence hall. "We entered the building four abreast," he said, "and as we reached the

coffin two passed on each side."

Field also described the crowd that jammed Chestnut st. in the vicinity of 3d and waited in line four hours before passing the bier.

Charles Francis Byrne, 4929 Boudinot st., who, as a 25-year-old actor in Ferd's theater, Washington, D. C., saw Lincoln assassinated, recalls Lincoln sitting in a box a few moments before John Wilkes Booth, another actor, fired the fatal shots.

Byrne was waiting anxiously in the wings for his turn on the stage as Capt. de Boots. in "Our Amer-

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

'Father, Send Us Another Lincoln,' 'Alfalfa Bill' Murray Prays In Shadow of Lincoln's Tomb

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—Gov. William H. Murray, of Oklahoma, himself a man of the common people, self-educated, gaunt and rustic, stood last night in the shadow of the Civil war president's tomb and uttered a prayer for the coming of "another Abraham Lincoln."

Murray came out of the southwest to join in paying homage to the martyred president, born in Kentucky 122 years ago.

Born, like Lincoln, in a log house, and, like Lincoln, a lawyer, Murray, who enjoys his nickname of Alfalfa Bill, extended his great hands, declared the world was facing the same problem it faced in 1860, and prayed:

"Oh, Father of all mercies,

"Send us another Lincoln."

"We assemble here," he said, "to perpetuate not so much his name but those attributes of character by a recital of his history."

The history of Lincoln, he declared, "is the history of America in the ideals and moral precepts for the safety of the republic and the betterment of humanity."

Lincoln, he declared, was the dominating figure of his age, an age

when the ever-present struggle "between two principles—right and wrong"—was most bitter.

That same struggle, he declared again, has reached a crisis, because of "today's spoils of combined wealth and capital" and has created a demand for "another Lincoln," a man of powerful character to dominate the age in the interest of "right."

"Freedom of the individual was then made sure," Murray said in speaking of the results of Lincoln's life.

"And," he continued, "the happiness and prosperity of the home is now a counterpart and urgent requirement."

"The flag then threatened by selfishness and brutal slavery is now threatened by cowardly cabinets, with political leadership degenerating into a mercenary appeal to block groups of voters; with statesmanship seeking a remedy through intrigue and barter; with the laws unequally enforceable against the weak and the strong. Such is the menace that confronts the banner of the republic."

Ash, Mrs. Alice

Lincoln's Neighbor In Springfield Dies At 89

Alton, Jan. 31. (AP)—Mrs. Alice Ash, 89, who lived across the street from Abraham Lincoln when he was a young lawyer in Springfield, died yesterday in Alton hospital.

Mrs. Ash said she often saw Lincoln enter and leave his office. She had been a resident of Alton seventy-four years.

1941

A LINCOLN BODYGUARD DEAD.

Waukegan, Ill., Veteran Guarded Civil War President Seventeen Months.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—Perry L. Austin, 77-year-old Civil War veteran of Waukegan, Ill., who served on President Lincoln's bodyguard for seventeen months, died here today.

Austin was chosen by President Lincoln to serve on his bodyguard because he was the tallest man in a cavalry regiment. He had spent the last ten years lecturing in schools on patriotism. 1720

*Buffalo Evening News**2/12/37*

BUFFALO MAN, 92, SAW LINCOLN IN HIS PRIME

**J. P. Aylesworth Recalls Pa-
rade 73 Years Ago.**

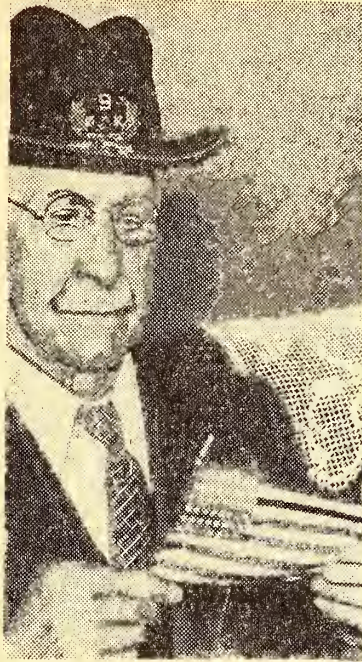
Recollection of Abraham Lincoln as he rode in a Washington parade 73 years ago came today to the mind of Julius P. Aylesworth, 92, veteran of the Civil war. Mr. Aylesworth has lived for the past seven years with his daughter, Mrs. Ray E. Thompson, at 92 Palmer avenue, Kenmore.

"I was in the crowd that watched President Lincoln riding in a carriage drawn by spirited black horses on his way to the Capitol back in '64," Mr. Aylesworth said. "I remember his flashing eyes and his black beard as he rode past the crowd. I am proud I am one of the few men alive today who saw him in his prime."

Mr. Aylesworth, despite his age, is vigorous and takes an interest in daily affairs. For relaxation he does a bit of carpentering now and then. For several years he has repaired the toys of the children near his home.

Mr. Aylesworth enlisted in Co. G, 211th regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer infantry, in September, 1864, in Warren, Pa. He was under fire at Ft. Stedman, where his company was charged by a Confederate command. Mr. Aylesworth said he raised his rifle to fire at the officers commanding the charge, but

RECALLS EMANCIPATOR



JULIUS P. AYLESWORTH

just as the rifle touched his shoulder, the officer fell.

"We recaptured the fort and although a shell burst directly above the men, I escaped being wounded," he recalled. "I've been close to death four other times in my life, but those escapes were after the war when I was in the lumber business in Pennsylvania. Perhaps if I had been wounded by a rebel bullet, I'd have had a chance to shake Lincoln's hand. He visited most of the wounded in the hospitals."

THE BUFFALO TIMES—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1937.

Buffalo Civil War Veteran, 92, Remembers Seeing Lincoln, 'An

A scene of 73 years ago came back vividly today to John P. Aylesworth. It's a scene he always remembers on Lincoln's birthdays — a scene in Washington—

"It was in '64 . . . Lincoln was driving to the Capitol . . . and I was in the crowd . . . I remember the lively black horses pulling his carriage . . . he was an impressive man—guess it was his eyes and his dark beard . . . a great man, a great man." Thus one of the few men still liv-

ing who ever saw the Great Emancipator. Mr. Aylesworth, 92 but still able to "putter around" with carpentry in the basement of his daughter's home at 92 Palmer Ave., Kenmore, served in the Union Army. He went through the States without suffering a scratch.

His good luck in a way, was bad luck, Mr. Aylesworth figures. Had he been wounded probably Abraham Lincoln would have visited him in a

hospital camp, he might now be able to boast of holding Lincoln's large, work-hardened hand in his.

"In the war, he was wonderful to the boys," he recalled today. "Made personal visits to some of the hospital camps, and was so kind to all around him. Almost made me wish I'd got in the way of a bullet.

"But I never did though. I wouldn't say it was long legs that saved me. Just luck, I guess. Pure luck. I was only 18 when I enlisted

in the 211th Regiment, Second Brigade, Third Division of the Ninth Army Corps. Now I'm the only one left from the group of about 100.

"Recapturing Fort Ctedman from the enemy meant hot firing for us; and though one shell burst right over us, I didn't get hurt. A rifle pit saved some of us. We charged. And, once inside, we turned around and grabbed the cannons. First time I'd handled one.

"Four times I've been close to losing my life—but that was after the war. And I was in the lumber business down in Pennsylvania. But I was always lucky."

"Lucky now to be living with my daughter, Mrs. Ray E. Thompson. Been here seven years. Not many men my age around, though. I putter around with carpentry in the basement. I'm not interested particularly in present-day politics.

"But back when Lincoln was living I was. A grand President! He did a man's job when he was in the White House. And I always thought the Civil War was worth fighting, too.

Impressive Man'

a man's job when he was in the White House. And I always thought the Civil War was worth fighting, too.

AN OLD FRIEND OF LINCOLN

Daniel W. Ayres, 94 Years Old, Knew Emancipator as a Lawyer.

Daniel W. Ayres, who will be 94 years old next April, and lives, with his wife, 80 years old, in the Home for Aged Couples at Perkiomen and Francis streets, knew Lincoln when he was practicing law at Springfield, Ill., and has a vivid recollection of incidents which he observed in the life of the great man previous to his election as President. Despite his years, Mr. Ayres is spry and in good physical condition, possessing perfectly all his faculties, with the exception of his hearing, which is slightly impaired, but does not interfere with his ability to carry on conversation.

Mr. Ayres is a great admirer of Lincoln and takes delight in telling what he personally knows of him. At the Home yesterday he related several interesting incidents he had observed. He said:

"I first met Lincoln in 1850. He lived in Springfield and frequently came over to Jacksonville, Ill., where I was in charge of the morgue and county almshouse. Lincoln was practicing law at that time, and as my business called me frequently to the Jacksonville courthouse I struck up an acquaintance with Lincoln. We met often and exchanged friendly greetings. As I was a party man when Lincoln was candidate for United States Senator, I took an active interest in his campaign, and I wrote some verse which was read at one of the debates between Lincoln and his opponent, Stephen A. Douglas.

"I recall clearly the time at one of these debates when Douglas, for the purpose of showing Lincoln's unfitness for the office, related the fact that he had once been a bartender at Petersburg. Replying to Douglas, Lincoln admitted he had held the position, but said he had never touched a drop of liquor, and in conclusion remarked, 'Mr. Douglass, while I was behind the bar working, you were frequently standing before it drinking the liquor I served.'

"Lincoln's wife," continued Mr. Ayres, "was somewhat given to dictating to Lincoln in his private life. As an illustration of his strategy I recall an occasion when a public subscription was being circulated and Lincoln was asked to subscribe, but feared to be reproached by his wife if he were to give \$25 as he intended. Telling his wife of the subscription, he remarked that some thought he should give \$50, but he thought that amount was more than he could afford. His wife agreed with him in this and suggested that he give only \$25, which was already Lincoln's intention.

"The last time I saw Lincoln was at a political mass meeting held in Springfield at the time he was a candidate for President, and I recall that as he was leaving the hall one of two men who were standing nearby remarked: 'There goes Lincoln. How can people suppose such a looking man as that could ever be elected President?'"

Phil's Ledger 2-8-9

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REMINISCENCES
ABOUT ABRAHAM LINCOLN

